

Johndave Demonstuck

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Summary: John Egbert is a demon hunter but little does he know that his best friend Dave Strider is a Demon. John works for his father but he hates the job. Dave is a demon and he must kill to live. Read to find out what happens! Rated M for slight gore. (This fanfiction was approved by my English teacher)

Johndave Demonstuck

**Prologue.**

It was a late fall evening. The wind blew, sending a small breeze and cooling the hotness. The sun went down slowly as a man walked through the alley way. He was a rather tall, suspicious man who lurked in the dark corners near the buildings. No one knew what his name was though. He was never seen there but everyone knew not to walk into that alley, it was a sight where numerous murders have taken place. None were reported to the public but only to the hunters in fear that citizens would strike against them. Each lifeless corpse were found with bites on their necks, often resembling vampire bites, but these bites were more gruesome than those of a vampire.

He stood alone in the alley. The sun has set but no light shone into the alley way. A woman turns into the alley. Something moved in the corner, maybe it was just a bird, maybe it was just a rat, possibly it was a person. The woman kept on walking though until he emerged from the corner. A smirk overtook his face but that was all she was able to see. She flinched and screamed but no one could hear her.

"Goodbye." The man whispers into her ear before he kills her.

The next morning the woman was found by a hunter. She had vicious bites on her neck. She laid there, barely even recognizable with all the bruises and cuts along her body, blood pooling around her. Her intestines spilled from her abdomen, the smell of rotting flesh filled the air. The hunter soon bags her body, cleaning up the mess

and dragging her into his van, driving away and not being noticed.

**End Of Prologue**

~~~ \_\*\*Chapter 1 \*\*\_~~~

Soon it was September, the cool air started to blow and school had began. Eastbourne was a dark town with many unsolved mysteries. Everything always seemed to be dull. The leaves on the trees were dark green and it was always foggy and misty. The sun appeared to never shine in Eastbourne, the people in the town always seemed to be somewhat mysterious and depressing. It snowed often in the winter and when the leaves began to fall, the town seemed to be duller. September was the worst time of year, everyone was stressed and upset over something and no one in Eastbourne seemed to like each other at all.

Streets were mostly dead ends and houses were painted in dark colors including gray, brown or red by its founders. Crows rested near the graveyards and always lurked around the schools, leading to people leaving in a rather quick manner. The ones that stay in this town are difficult to understand. They often don't enjoy anything or leave the town, making them antisocial. Most that come here are poor or they are here to get away from the busy cities. Some just come for the mysteries.

In Eastbourne, no one was excited about the start of the school year. Teachers didn't enjoy working in the schools and the students didn't like going to them. John on the other hand, was always happy to start school. John was a short, raven haired boy who attended Eastbourne High, often known for his perky personality and how much he enjoyed attending school. He was always the teacher's pet and he never had failed an assignment. His friend Dave, not so much. Dave was almost the exact opposite. His platinum blonde hair made him stand out when being next to John. Dave never smiled or seemed to enjoy anything at all but John always tried to make him happy or smile, even if Dave said it was hopeless.

Dave was asleep in his bedroom, it was Monday morning and sadly, he had school today. His alarm clock went off and he groaned, hitting the snooze button and going back to sleep. Bro soon came into the room and pulled the blanket off of Dave. Bro was Dave's father but always preferred to be called Bro rather than Dad. He prefers this because he doesn't know how to take care of children like a father would, suggesting that brothers have less responsibility.

"Get up lil man." Bro spoke and tossed the blanket onto the floor, his black hat almost falling off onto the floor that was almost completely covered in laundry and puppets.

"Too early." Dave mumbled in response and rolled over so his back was to Bro. He was tired and it was way too early to go to school.

"Get up or I'll drag you out of bed." Bro huffed, getting aggravated at Dave's laziness and placing a puppet on the bed.

"No you won't" Dave groaned in response and rolled over, wanting Bro to just go away and throwing the puppet at him.

"Yes I will." Bro crossed his arms, glaring at Dave through his dark, pointy, anime shades and raising an eyebrow as the puppet hits him.

"I dare you." Dave replied and rolled over, getting comfortable in his bed.

Bro sighed quietly before pulling Dave off of the bed. "School, now." He left the room, accidentally slamming the door on his way out but walking to his bedroom quietly, for a strong male in his 30's, Bro sure did walk silently.

Dave sighed and got off the floor. He looked around for his shades and put them on, soon getting dressed for school and leaving to John's house. He took his time getting there, looking at the graveyard that he passed by and smiled faintly to himself. As he approached John's house, John was standing on his porch, stuffing his textbook back into his backpack.

"John." Dave walked to his porch and John flinched slightly.

"Oh, hey Dave!" He smiled, dorkily and giggled a bit. Dave rolled his eyes and cleared his throat just as John looked at Dave with his bright sapphire eyes for a moment.

"Ready to go?" Dave asked quietly, almost a whisper and John strained to hear it.

"Hm?" John spoke as he closed his backpack.

"Ready to go to school?" Dave repeated, not really wanting to engage in any sort of conversation.

"Oh! Yeah." John smiled and walked off his porch, and heading in the direction of the school. Dave followed behind closely, occasionally glancing at the people around them with his red eyes, covered by the dark aviators that John had given him for his thirteenth birthday.

John rushed Dave to get to school, he pulled him across streets and almost knocked him onto the ground several times. Dave sighed as he followed. Once they got there, John ran inside but Dave didn't follow this time. The first bell rang and everyone was sent to their first class except Dave wasn't there. No one worried much, Dave always did this.

After a couple of minutes, Dave reappeared again. This time, only being ten minutes late. He took a seat near John and class had began. It was rather boring and uneventful for Dave, but John seemed to enjoy it. Soon, the teachers phone went off and he left the room to answer it. Mr. Vantas, A talkative, boring teacher who always rambled and wore a baggy red sweater. Mr. Vantas was a suspicious man, he'd leave for an hour and then come back with a odd smell coming off of him.

Everything was odd in Eastbourne though, people would disappear and never come back. Jobs were rather odd as well. Including the job as a demon hunter. The demon hunters spent countless hours tracking down demons. Demons were normally tall with black hair and glowing eyes. Everyone was so sure that demons did not exist but without a doubt,

everyone had suspected Mr. Vantas of being a hunter. The Egbert family and the Vantas family were the main demon hunters in the community.

John had taken on the family business and was an amateur demon hunter. Dave on the other hand, was not. The Strider family was typically known for their grand parents being demons. It was the only demon family who had abnormal features, their hair was extremely light and their eyes were odd colors. Bro was not a demon though, so the hunters had believed that the demon blood in that family was truly gone. What they had believed, was wrong.

Dave Strider and his twin Dirk, were both demons. Dave and Dirk had never been suspects to murders involving demon attacks, leading to them never being targets for the demon hunters. John and Dave were best friends ever since they were kids. John had never once believed that Dave could ever possibly be a demon but John was wrong.

Dave had red eyes that glowed a bit at night, but never too much. He lurked in alleys and often killed people, always leaving before the hunters would ever show up. At times, Dave almost had gotten caught by Karkat Vantas, a small, short boy who worked with his father as a hunter. Dave was always extremely careful though. He tried his best not to attack during the day and had only killed when he needed to, other times he would injure them but leave them alive.

Demons were gruesome creatures. When they killed, they would feed on the victim's blood and destroy the body, making them harder to identify. Demons are born from generations and they would often attempt to kill themselves over fear or starvation. They had been around for over 2000 years and often lived in dark towns where no one would recognize them. Often hiding in plain sight.

"Dave, Hello anyone there?" John waved his hand in front of Dave's face, interrupting his thoughts.

"Oh, Hey Egbert." Dave sat up and looked at John, slightly confused.

"Class ended 10 minutes ago." John said with a small huff.

"Oh, sorry." Dave replied as he got up and went to his locker.

"It's okay." John followed behind.

"I'm just gonna home, I'll see you later." Dave grabbed his backpack and left, leaving John in the hallway and walking home. John stood there and looked blankly at Dave before waving slightly.

"Bye." He mumbled before heading off to his next class.

~~~ \*\*Chapter 2\*\* ~~~

At around 8 o'clock, the sun went down and Dave left the apartment. He started walking in the dark, not taking his shades off and walking into a dark alley. No light appeared to shine in it and he walked around, making sure there were no cameras and breaking the only one. He then stood near the corner, biting his lip and hoping someone would come into the alley. Soon, he heard footsteps but it wasn't just a normal person. It was Karkat and his father.

"WHY ARE WE EVEN GOING IN HERE!" Karkat basically yelled to his father which was standing right next to him.

"Cause' I know he came in here." His father murmured.

"HOW DO YOU KNOW?" Karkat looked to his father.

"Just do." his father replied.

Dave hid behind a dumpster and hoped that they wouldn't search for him. As he sat down, something fell behind him, causing the Vantas's to look directly in his direction and going to him. Dave covered his mouth and moved slowly to the other end of the alley. He barely got out of the alley when he was stopped by John.

"Hey Dave, what are you doing here?" John tilted his head a bit in curiosity.

"Oh ugh, nothing, J-just walking." He stuttered nervously and looked down at John.

"Well I was looking for you." John looked at Dave and shifted a bit.

"Why?" He asked, looking away.

"Dave, I need to show you something." John sighed, a bit concerned.

"Oh. Ya sure, anything bro." He looked at him.

"Good." John then took Dave's hand and started walking to his house. Almost causing Dave to stumble and fall.

Once they got there, John pulled him into the basement and pulled files out of a cabinet and laid them open on the table.

"You can't go in that alley Dave." John spoke as he pulled multiple photos out, showing pictures of dead bodies that appeared to had been in the alley that Dave was just in.

Dave bit his lip and looked at John. "W-why are you showing me this?"

"I'm showing you this because I don't want you to die in an alley David."

"Oh." He flipped through the pictures before putting them down. "Catch the guy yet?"

John looked back at Dave and shook his head. "No, but we have clues."

Dave sighed quietly in relief. "Who is it?" He looked back at the pictures before mumbling something to himself quietly so John wouldn't hear.

"Don't know." He replied.

Dave sighed again. "Well, if you need help with anything feel free to ask."

"Okay. Thanks Dave!" John smiled a bit "Can you help me now though? Dad wants me to at least narrow the search down" John said with a small look of concern.

"Oh um, yeah sure." Dave said as he took a seat beside John. John proceeded to show Dave multiple hair samples and fingerprints that John and his father had gathered over the last few months. Gratefully, the fingerprints didn't belong to him but to Bro. Bro wasn't a suspect to the hunters though. It would be impossible because Bro had no features of being a demon. Dave only feared that if John found out he was a demon, then they wouldn't be friends anymore, or worse. They would never see each other anymore.

Dave picked up some of the files and searched through them. "What is going to happen when you find them?" He asked as flipped through photos and papers.

"Kill it." John replied, causing Dave to gasp slightly.

"But why? They kill so they can eat John. If you want no one to die than open up a shelter for them or supply them with food. Do something instead of trying to kill them!" He put the file down and moved so he was standing next to John.

"I can't do that." John sighed.

"Why not?" Dave huffed and crossed his arms.

"Dad runs this, not me. Whatever he says goes." John looked at Dave and frowned a bit. "Why do you even care anyways?"

"I care because they are people too. They didn't ask to be a demon. They were born that way. It's not their fault."

"Oh." John said in a caring tone.

Dave nodded and sat down on the floor, John soon sitting beside him. Dave looked at John and he smiled slightly at Dave. He smiled back a bit and John rested his head on Dave's shoulder. "Why are you a hunter?" He asked in a polite tone and turned slightly to look at John.

"It's what Dad wants." John spoke quietly as he shifted and laid his head in Dave's lap.

"But is that what you want?" Dave spoke and looked down at him.

"No. I don't like seeing dead bodies." He looked up at Dave and frowned a bit.

"Then tell your father that." Dave looked concerned now, not wanting him to be upset.

"I tried but he won't listen to me." He frowned faintly, looking back up at Dave.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Dave replied, a small frown forming on his

face.

John smiled. "It's okay Dave."

Dave nodded and played with John's hair, causing John to giggle and Dave to smile.

"I got you to smile, I win." John giggled again and poked Dave's nose.

"In your dreams Egbert." He smiled more and tried to keep a straight face.

~~~ \_\*\*Chapter 3 \*\*\_~~~

The next day Dave didn't come to school. He was worried about John so he stayed home with Dirk and Bro. Dirk had come home from school early because he had constantly complained that he was sick. He had gone out and brought Dave some apple juice and blood to drink while he stays home.

"So do they know yet?" Dirk asked as he poured some apple juice into a cup for Dave.

"No, but they're close." Dave responded and he picked the cup up, taking a sip.

"Bro says we should leave town." Dirk's texan accent started to show and he cleared his throat, hoping that he could maintain his regular voice.

"No, W-why?" Dave sounded a bit worried, automatically thinking about John.

"Cause' if they find out, we are dead." Dirk took a seat on Dave's bed and took his own anime shades off and looking at Dave with his orange eyes.

"I'm not going anywhere." He huffed and drank the rest of the apple juice. "I don't care if they find out because I don't want to leave."

"Okay." Dirk nodded a bit.

Dave sighed a bit and laid on his bed, thinking about John and how it would be best if he just left town or simply disappeared. He sighed once again and pulled his laptop out and looked through all the tabs he had open on demon hunters. He knew that they were close but he didn't want to leave and just ditch John. He started planning on how he could throw John off his trail. He knew that John was suspecting someone with blonde hair so next time he goes out, he would have to make himself look different. When night came, he would put a disguise and go into the alley. He soon went to sleep, setting his alarm clock so he would be ready for what's to come later.

~~~ \_\*\*Chapter 4 \*\*\_~~~

John began to walk through the town, it was cold and he was looking for his father. Dad had gone out in search for demons but John needed to tell him something. He walked down multiple streets and turned

down several corners, but he couldn't find him and to top that off, he was lost in the city. He had no idea where here was. He tried his best to read the street signs but he wasn't able to due to the lack of light. John turned down into an alley, not knowing where he was and hoping he would run into someone. He soon saw a familiar figure stand before him but had no idea what it was.

He had decided to leave the alley and attempted to back out but he hit his head on a lamp post and fell the the ground. John caught a glimpse of the figure and he backed up into a wall, knowing that a demon was standing before him. A sword had appeared almost out of nowhere and soon someone was on top of him. John screamed and attempted to push them off but to no avail. John pushed the figure into the light and he gasped loudly. It was Dave. Dave's eyes were glowing bright red and he had a smirk on his face.

"D-Dave." John mumbled quietly just as Dave stabbed him with the sword. John clenched his chest as his last breath escaped his lips, blood poured from his body. Dave smirked slightly but wasn't able to see John's face and he had no idea who the person he had killed was, He only knew that they were small, making them such an easy target. He then dragged the now dead body into the light and screamed with panic.

He teared up at the realization of his friend lying dead before his eyes and repeatedly tried to shake John awake.

"No no no." Tears poured from his eyes and he quickly pulled the sword out of him and tossed it somewhere, hoping that he was still alive and holding John in his arms. He knew that if he died, it would be his own fault.

"You're not dead." He spoke through quiet sobs and he cried for what seemed like hours. He stayed in the alley, trying to make john wake up. Over his sobs, Dave couldn't hear the sounds of a hunter walking behind him.

Dave kissed John's forehead as tears poured from his eyes. He loved John but he never had the chance to tell him. He killed the person he loved the most and he couldn't save him. John's death is all his fault and nothing would ever change that. The hunter, Karkat Vantas, slowly crept behind Dave, holding his pistol to Dave's head, the hunter smirking a bit.

Sobs were heard from Dave and he began to step closer to him, taking careful and quiet steps. He pulled back the safety lock on his pistol and pulled the trigger. BANG! Dave fell to the floor as blood seeped from his temple. Dave's body laid next to John and Karkat bit his lip. He shot Dave a few more times to make sure that he was dead and quickly dragged the bodies into his van, hoping that no one had heard the shots. He grabbed some cleaning supplies and proceeded to clean the blood and the gunshot residue. Karkat soon picked up the cell phone and called his father, telling him what had just happened.

His dad rushed over, coming into the alley and looking at the bodies. He frowned slightly while looking at John. "What are we going to tell his father?" He turned to Karkat.

"WHATEVER WE HAVE TO." Karkat replied with his loud voice.

"Okay." nodded and climbed into the van, soon leaving with Karkat.

The next two weeks were the hardest. A funeral for John and Dave was held by their guardians. "I'm sorry for your loss." They all said whenever a Strider or Egbert had appeared in town. The Mayor soon told the people of the city that Dave had been a demon and he ruthlessly killed John. The Striders' had refused to believe this because of how close John was with Dave. Sadly, The Mayor was right. John had died in a demon attack involving his best friend and nothing could change that. The school was soon filled with sorrows and despair. The city had rebelled against the Strider family due to the killings Dave had committed and succeeded in pushing them out of town. Dirk and Bro had moved far from their home town and changed their names, not wanting to be blamed anymore.

End
file.